In vain you strive to dangt brave Land of Youth, We cafily perceive you prioco 2 tran "I sa h. Well be for Charles and My Welling fret to ce taken to high the to be higher to be for charles and My well by the for the force and My well by the force and in spite of all your Wheeles weel purise, the Love Paris that Any Tre fire and weight weight what we co. Not though your Whigga Holks are following, Wee'l ne're beleive your Lovalty the Truer.
Though once we spin eagles with a 1200 and though our Whitein's cent and that the Wilh Bloathounds finist, the it spoken to To he it down brittens chefed Reyal Game Ict we have honed Hear a HT record As ever fervida Prince and Came fo Roy al. London-Apprentices of E A Salton N these ill Times, when nothing can Aswage and hadring the Envious Fury of a whoreasth age and bout 1 and you all the Lestrange and Dryden both may Write in rain of these and all When nothing can the Whiggill Roll and a single these and all When nothing can the Whiggill Rout referein. Who Mondon Religious Treason their invades the Town notated and his revent and But Loyal Tories still will Prop the Crown, and and and their invades the Town. Though Whiggish Traytors trive to pull it down. In and and a series and and and a series are a series and and a series are a series and a series and a series are a series are a series and a series are a s Heavens Protect our mighty Monarch Charles and and word and From every Curst Phanatick Dog that Snarles of the Progno At his abused Mercies and their Spite, or him at 2 to 12 gnot part. The Villins, though they Grin, they dare not Bire, or man out to 1 May Heaven reward his Wrongs and do them Wright. No doubt it will, for Heaven will nere refuse, who have reggod stort H. To do them Justice though they still abuse, to soot a dout and an roll Their Princes goodness, whose blest Influence, or has a land and start Shines like the Sun, and does its warmth dispensed the same by To all but Whigs, who fourn't with Impudence and and and montal These are the Pious and Religious Cheats, ding buy the Distant of T Pretended Saints, that Act these Devilish Feats, the att abulance of 194 Who, if their Holiness please, ean turn, Contound all thore, that we Bad into good, and Good to Bad Transform; These are the worst of Men, the worst of Evils, Whole Dam'd Hypocrifies out vie the Devils. These are the precious Saints, with open Cry, That Hail their Prince, and yet would Crucifie;

Fat Guts himself that Champion for the Cause. Though he pretends to love the King and Laws,

Hates Blewcap, and a Charles His Royal Brother.

And fwears by all that's Great, that's High and Royal, well to have

Though he's a Whigg, he'd have you think he's Loyal and In on line loves the hing, but in the other,

In vain you Strive to daunt brave London's Youth. We cafily perceive your Storm from Truth. Well may your greafy Worthip fret to See An Annual Juvenillian Jubilee, Teaffed, Encouraged, for sheir Localty. Tis now high time to look abourns, Whig, We fear you not, although you look to Big, Wee'l be for Charles and lark, write thou for Prig. In Spite of all your Wheedles wee'l purfue, Their Loyal Parks, that we do. Alas we're fenfible of what we do. e Loyal Parks, that Forty one nere knew Nothing shall e're betray us to your Jure, Not though your Whiggish looks are so demure, Wee'l ne're beleive your Loyalty the Truer. Though once the yelping Beagles went aftray, Follow'd your Whiggish Scent and lost their way, With Bloudhounds mixt, (be it spoken to your Fame,) To hunt down Brittains cheifest Royal Game; Yet we have honest Hearts as True and Loyal, As ever ferv'd a Prince and Cause so Royal. But you ungrateful Whigs, whole Loyalty, A-17 Confifts in curfed Plots and Treachery, Your wicked Actions give your Tongue the Lye. With holy Eyes turnd up just like a Ghost, Is but a Sanctified Cheat at most. And Monky Care, that precious flick of Wood, That never did the Nation any good: Though still he fays he does, and takes great pain, Yet this I'me fure, he's but a Knave in grain. But Langly Curtis, that dad wretched Tool; Compord of Pupy, Cuckhold, Knave and Fool; Headlong he throws himself to Hell for Gains, To get the name of Villian for his Pains: But now a word or two in Poets Praise, Whose Loggerhead deserves the Whiggish Bays; For he has such a stock of Impudence, He can abuse the Subjects, and His Prince, And yet dates tell the King, 'tis no Offence. In fhort he's but a Rogue that will oppose The Royal Cause, and Scribble for its Foes; But to Conclude, I'le ad but this one thing, Confound all those, that will not Love the KING.

FINIS.

LONDON,

Printed for Don Fedro Velosco Tasco Rasco rero Don John of Austria's
Brother's Cozen's Uncle's Eldest Sister's Daughter's
own Son, being his Nephew. 1682.